

# WEEKLY GRAPHIC

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Recent reports indicate a shortage in the wheat crop in the west.

Three hundred and nine million postal cards were used last year.

Reports from Germany indicate only about a half crop of wheat this year.

The Mississippi valley horticultural society meets at Cincinnati, Sept. 7.

The damage to New Ulm, Minnesota by the recent cyclone is estimated at \$250,000.

There is danger of a beer famine in Cincinnati, the brewers are still on the strike.

The chinch bug and army worm are worrying the farmers of Illinois and Indiana.

Justice Nathan Clifford of the U. S. Supreme court died at Cornish, Maine, on Monday.

There are now over 44,000 post-offices in the United States. Nearly three thousand were established last year.

Now, that Sitting Bull has taken his seat, it would be well for the government to see that he remains seated.

The London Standard says in England every incident in President Garfield's illness is watched with the most mournful interest. Had it been a British statesman greater interest could not have been manifested.

Victoria Woodhull has scored another strike. Her daughter was married Thursday to a brother-in-law to one of Queen Victoria's daughters. The two Victorias are now related by marriage.

The LaPlata Press rather inclines to the belief that when a country is thickly enough populated to have schools and churches it is well enough to go slow on the immigration business. The Press is a consistent democratic sheet, which is more than we can say of many others.

It dispatches from the scene of the execution of the Talbott boys are to be credited, the moral effects of a judicial killing do not recommend themselves very forcibly to the unbiased observer. It is said that after the bodies of the dead criminals were cut down a most disgraceful scramble occurred for possession of pieces of the rope with which they were strangled. In one or two instances revolvers were drawn but no shots were fired. Again, when the bodies, which were put in elegant caskets, placed in hearses and drawn to the town house of the Talbotts, a crowd of people gathered about the door so thickly that the oaken staves had again to play, and it was a quarter of an hour before a lane could be made among the throng to the front door of the house. Towards evening Maryville became perfectly full of drunken men, and the saloon capacity of the town which is said to be large was tested to its utmost.

The long contest at Albany is happily over. While its long continuance and uncertainty has been a worry and aggravation to the country at large, it has accomplished one good thing at least, and that is to let the wind out of the whole stalwart bubble, and bury bossism beyond resurrection. Should President Garfield recover from his wound, he has every prospect for a popular and successful administration. Only the gravest of blunders and mismanagement can lose him the advantageous position he now occupies as full master of the situation.

Pity us oh Lord, if we think that Virtue is not the chief good—i. e., the love of the good. Therefore Oh Lord, forgive us for our ignorance.—Kirkville Democrat.

To which we most enthusiastically and fervently respond, Amen!—Post Dispatch.

**CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.**

Judge McConnell was gulled out of \$815 cash at a side show in Oxford, Indiana, yesterday.

John Walden, Wm. Beck and Geo. Gilmore broke jail at Vandalia, Ill., last night and escaped.

Joshua Scott, of New Mexico; Mo., was drowned at Sandusky, O., while in bathing last night.

The loss of the Fitchburg Railroad by the Hoosac Tunnel disaster on Tuesday will reach \$10,000.

A large saw mill belonging to A. D. Butler was burned at Galatia, Ill., at 2 o'clock this morning. Loss \$1,500.

Jack Freeman is thought to have poisoned a young woman at Mattoon, Ill., whom, having betrayed, he had been required to marry. The people favor lynching him.

Rosier, Slater, Monroe, and Ginniss, desperate characters, escaped from the Elkader jail, in Iowa, yesterday.

## SCISSOR GRAPHICS.

Is a cask obstinate when it's Spigot?—Yonkers Gazette.

A tall woman is a poem.—Ex. Yes, of the I-am-big meter.—Boston Post.

Follow the example of trees—keep some things in the shade.—Syracuse Standard.

Probable remark of Mr. Guitau: We are a Nation—I might almost say, an assassination.

A resident of Piscataquog, N. H. fell down stairs with a burglar, breaking the thief's arms and legs.

A pig was never known to wash, but a great many people have seen the pig iron.—Commercial Bulletin.

If there is war in Russia we presume every Russian Mus-co-vite. (Pretty bad ain't it?)—Wit and Wisdom.

Napoleon's "N." on the Seine bridges is being chiseled off. Napoleon is now N. G. in Paris.—Lowell Courier.

There is a young man in St. Croix who is "gone" on a clever young boy. They swing on the gate both early and late. And their lives are a'er pushing with joy.

"Prisoner, have you ever been convicted?" "No, your honor. I have always employed first-class lawyers."

A new kind of berry is being grown, called the "Telegraph." An electric current, probably.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mr. Bonner failed to secure the to-be-continued comet's tail for his Ledger. It comes too high.—Norriston Herald.

First Surgeon—"are you going to look for he bail this evening?" Second Surgeon—"No, not this evening; we had a row this evening."

The "Comet" is the latest brand of Whisky. Terrible tales are told of its rapidity of action.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Soubrette—"How is the prettiest way to hold the hand?" Why so the other side can't see what cards you've got.—Boston Post.

Madame Gerster knits all her husband's stockings—because, perhaps he has Gerster so often for not doing it.—Yonkers Gazette.

Rev. George H. Hepworth has written a romance entitled "!!!." It is in \$\$\$, and the interest is \*tling and un-!ed.—Lowell Courier.

Newspapers who haven't discovered several men who are living with bullets through their liver are not enterprising.—New Haven Register.

Many a newspaper has been assassinated in the same way as the late Sultan Abdul Aziz, by means of scissors.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

"Honesty is the best policy." But you have to pay the premiums in this world and realize on your insurance in the next.—Elevated Railway Journal.

We notice a great many of our northern exchanges are soft-soaping the Mexicans. Most of them have been needing soap of some kind for several centuries.—Texas Siftings.

An Iowa cow succeeded recently in killing an elephant, a lion, and a camel. Brave cow! She did it by getting under the train bearing these creatures, and ditching it.—Boston Post.

It having been reported that the vaults of the United States Treasury are almost bursting with silver dollars, Bernhard is seriously thinking of coming back.—Philadelphia News.

When a young lady is sitting in a hammock with a gentleman so close to her that she jumps and blushes when a lightning bug strikes its light, it's time that he is interviewing her parents.

Get thee to the sea-side.—Brooklyn Union Argus. We got and the mosquitoes made us get. We may get again when we have got a fresh place for them to bite on.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

We feel so happy over the good news from Washington that we feel that we shall be pardoned for making a joke, and saying that the president will now Guitau-ver it.—Lowell Courier.

The difference in value between eatables in the United States and those in a railroad station is one of the greatest questions political economists have ever had to wrestle with.—Boston Globe.

"Jimmy" Hope, the bank burglar, has been arrested. His "front name" is appropriate to his profession, and it is to be hoped that "Hope for a season bids the world farewell."—Commercial Bulletin.

It having been remarked that cigarette smoking is killing thousands of young men, the Chicago Tribune savagely says that the kind of young men who smoke cigarettes can all be spared. The fittest still survive.

## STATE ITEMS.

Nicholas Burhart, well known resident of Sedalia, is dead.

The Herdies pay better at St. Joseph than was expected.

New lodge A. O. U. W. at Smithton—23 members.

Foundations for the new woolen mill at Fulton are being laid.

Are we really to have no more confessions from the Talbott boys?

Louis Lasse, for 25 years a prominent Brunswicker, died last week.

State convention of homeopathic doctors at Sweet Springs, August third and fourth.

Brunswick high school building is receiving about \$2,000 dollars worth of repairs.

Gurd Turman & Co. have bought land extensively near Fulton, for lime making.

Those chaps who broke jail at Brownville, the other night, have been captured.

Meeting at Marshall, August 8th, to arrange for a reunion of the old settlers of Saline County.

Dr. J. R. Lucas and Dr. T. Gallaher are going to sweat their jaws in a theological discussion at Canton, soon.

Mrs. DeGrass, a variety actress at Kansas City is missing—wandered from her sick room when probably deranged.

The Clarksville Sentinel is edited and published by a preacher, but the festive circus ad. appears all the same.

S. P. Towlett, of Sedalia, has been awarded the contract of the brick work on 10 buildings, for store rooms, in Brownville.

A fortnight ago Dr. Russ, of Marshall, lost his wife who had just borne a baby and last week he buried the little one also.

William Marten, a 9-year old boy was drowned while bathing at St. Joseph, on Wednesday.

John Sutton, a negro rapist of St. Joseph, has been sent to the pen for 25 years.

Miss Janvier, a highly accomplished young lady of Jefferson City, died on Wednesday.

The knights of philanthropy, a Moberly society, are going to give a picnic next month.

W. H. Young, colored, of Nashville, Tenn., is in the state organizing lodges of the order of wise men.

Sedalia takes the cake! There is a woman there who is worrying along with 17 continued stories.

Billy, the kid, the notorious desperado, was shot and killed by Sheriff Pat Garrett of Lincoln county, New Mexico at Fort Sumner.

The Brothers of Freedom had a barbecue at Ash Grove, Saturday, and in a drunken street row George Tucker shot and killed John Sewell.

Last Friday after a sterile period of sixteen years, twin girls were born to the wife of Daniel Brummett, living near Longwood, Pettis county.

Charles Boyd, a Wabash brakeman, was knocked from his train near Huntsville, Saturday night, and was so hurt that death ensued in an hour.

Last week George W. Walball, of the deaf and dumb institution at Fulton, was married to Miss Hannah Fitzgerald, a teacher in the same institution.

One of the most prominent citizens of Sturgeon is charged with an attempt to commit a rape upon a young married lady of that vicinity. Trial, August 1.

A. L. Griffin has resigned presidency of the K. & St. L. line and removes from Hannibal to Chicago, where he becomes vice president and general manager of the Union rolling mills.

On the 10th, A. G. Branhuer, an old resident of Pettis county, was killed near Houstonia—struck by the cars and knocked from a bridge. He had a mania for walking on the railroad track, and on several occasions trains had been stopped to allow him to get off the track.

**Been Away.**

"Hello! Is that you?"

"Yes."

"Been away?"

"Yes."

"Been off on a vacation?"

"Yes."

"Feel better?"

"No."

"Gain any flesh?"

"No."

"Tent out?"

"No."

"Go fishing?"

"No."

"Did you sail or row?"

"No."

"Nice at the hotel?"

"No."

"Go in swimming?"

"No."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing."

"What did you go for?"

"I dunno."

## OUR NEIGHBORS.

### Knox County.

Sentinel.

Mr. Ward, of Scotland county, commenced laying brick on the residence of Daniel Fitzgerald on Tuesday last—23 members.

Work is progressing nicely on the new Seminary. The location is a beautiful one, and the building will be an imposing attractive structure.

The timothy crop is very good and the granger in this county is destined to have hay seed in his barn. Also, the oat crop is reported good, but blown by the late storm.

Mr. Edward M. Randolph is entitled to credit for his enterprise in building so many nice cottages in our town. He has four houses now completed, and building two more. If we had ten to twenty good new business houses it would come near supplying our wants.

The young man that was arrested on Friday night last for breaking into the depot at Hurdland, had his trial on Monday, and after the preliminary examination was bound over in the sum of \$500.00 for his appearance at the next term of the circuit court.

The next day the gay couple trudged home. Mr. Simpson came to town and commenced an action against young Trunnell for his bad conduct, charging an offense, which if proven, would send him to the penitentiary for about 7 years. On last Saturday the case came up before Squire Black. Messrs. Hollister, Ringer and Ballou for the state and McQuoid & Caney for Trunnell. After the evidence on the part of the state was all in, the case was dismissed on a motion.

Democrat.

Prof. A. R. Lyon is quite busy preparing for the institute to be held in this city next month. He is an earnest worker in the cause of education.

Bart Turner, of Canton, Mo., was found dead in his bed at the Franklin House, Quincy, last Sunday. His father and family are well known and highly respected in North Missouri.

The three new bricks on the south side, the new mill will add somewhat to the appearance of Edina.

We are informed that the citizens of Knox City want some enterprising man to come there and start a livery stable.

### Sullivan County.

Republican.

An oak tree just in front of Judge Montgomery's residence, near Jackson Corners was struck and shivered by the lightning on Sunday morning. It seems almost miraculous that none of the family were injured.

Last Friday when the thermometer ranged from 99 to 101 a queer looking individual entered one of our restaurants and called for a cup of hot coffee. He was soaked awhile in icewater, and he was then sent back to the Asylum.

The annual camp meeting at Laclede, takes place this week. Every preparation is being made for a large time. It lasts over two Sunday camps meeting on Thursday. We presume excursion trains will be run over the railroads, but have no special information to warrant the statement. Anyway, big preachers, flowery sermons and a fine time generally, are anticipated.

### Tunis Beauties.

Plumpness such as would be considered exuberant in the cold and critical north of Europe, constitutes the popular ideal of female beauty in the Regency of Tunis. Among marriageable young ladies of that province slenderness of form and delicacy of proportion are regarded with justifiable aversion, as a disqualification for the wedded state. The fatter a maiden the better is her chance of making a good and early match. To be abnormally obese is to be certain of drawing a prize in the matrimonial market, and the loveliest fitness remains unwed, while none of corpulence can pick and choose from among a throng of eligible suitors. How deep a root this predilection for capacious charms has struck in the Tunisian manly bosom may be gathered from the fact that widowers desirous of marrying again, should they be moved by family or pecuniary considerations, select a bride whose dimensions are reported to fall short of those to which their previous experiences had accustomed them, are wont to send the dear departed's girdle and bracelet to the parents of their too exigent betrothed. On receipt of these articles, conveying a delicate hint that it might be expedient to make up for nature's shortcomings by some judicious treatment, the bride's papa and mamma proceed to fatten her with assiduity and dispatch. For some weeks she leads the life of a Strasburg goose; and when she has attained the necessary goodly proportions her nuptials are celebrated to the entire satisfaction of everybody concerned in them.—London Telegraph.

## BRAIN FOOD.

### The Wonderful Invention of a Peoria Inventor.

It is well known that fish is a favorite article of food among brain workers, on account of the large amount of phosphorus it contains, which is exactly the nutriment needed for the head-gearing of humanity. In Boston all well regulated families buy whales in the fall in sufficient quantities to last until spring. During the summer months all the young Bostonians are fed on ground eel and porpoise. But these are luxuries that only the wealthy Cape Codders enjoy; the poorer class of course have brain food, but are compelled to get it out of bull heads and sunfish and other plebeian marine animals. Realizing the importance of this theory of brain culture, a Peoria machinist has perfected an invention for extricating the bone from fishes, so as to make the task of intellectual cultivation less burdensome. Of course the old process, while fully effective in building upon the brain, had many disadvantages. A Boston girl with her mouth full of trout which was in process of assimilation to philosophy, would frequently have her attention diverted from the major premise by a back bone getting foul in her larynx, or a fin standing in her esophagus. The spirit may be willing but the flesh is weak, and the philosophy is nowhere then the vertebrae of a croppys going down wrong end to.

The Peoria machine does away with all these distressing accidents, and places the food just where it will do the most good and the bones where they will do the least evil. It is called "The Mind Assimilator, or Brain Manufacture Made Easy." A brief but comprehensive made for an invention, easy to remember.

The machine was tried in the inventor's own family with marked success. A demented son was filled full of cat yti and immediately commenced the wisdofu law. A neighbor's girl that

was noted for being half-witted, was stuffed with black bass, and in a day or two joined a woman suffrage association and began to work hemmed handkerchiefs for the heathen.

A Boston man residing on the bluff heard of this wonderful invention and immediately procured one of the largest machines. It was operated with a clock work attachment wound up on a scale of pounds, ten pounds, ten times around for a five pound fish, and so on. The lines were neatly shunted into a receptacle under the table and the meat was thrown through an ingenious system of tubes directly into the mouths of the guests. Three lovely girls and two cultured boys comprised the family for whose use the machine was purchased. When dinner was announced the machine was loaded with fish, wound up and started. The family sat around the table, five Boston mouths were open; five Boston brains were anxiously awaiting nourishment. Just then occurred one of those terrible misadventures that so frequently disarrange and overthrow the best laid schemes. Mr. Burns made mention of the machine. The cook had put the machine on the table wrong end to and in less than a minute the dinners were chock full of bones and the bone basket was overflowing with fish meat. Wendell Phillips Jones bulged out with the carcasses of bull-heads. Sarah Hale Sigourney Jones bristled over with the backbone of salmon, and Adelaide Proctor Holmes Jones was variegated with dorsal fins and other portions of the fish anatomy. The youngest brother was uncomfortable on account of being inhibited by the skeleton of an eel. Of course the machine was stopped as soon as possible, but not until all the bones had been assimilated and all the meat wasted. No serious injury resulted to any of the children, but for months after the event little things kept happening of a very mortifying nature. Adelaide's young man was one of the principal sufferers. He had a vigorous arm, and often on making an evening call it was no uncommon thing for him to take of his coat and shake a quart or two of fish bones out of the right sleeve. Sarah's young man was a clergyman and it was a very distressing thing for him that in the midst of some especially energetic part of his sermon a section of an ichthyosaurus would drop out of his cuff or a portion of porpoise tumbled out of his vest just at the place where Sarah's head reposed when he bade her good bye the evening before. The

## Brain Food.

boys were incapacitated for mental exertion for some months. They could have been sold for whalebone and made up into stays, or dried and pulverized and resolved into a constituent part of tooth powder, but that was about all.

The machine is as perfect as ever, but the inventor has never been able to dispose of another.

**Hearing His Funeral Sermon.**

It is doubtless pleasant for a man to read his own obituary, especially if it is a first class notice. Such cases have happened, owing to the man being reported dead when he was alive. Some years ago a man listened to his own funeral sermon. He lived in Southbury, Connecticut, and was known as an inveterate joker. "Old Sim," as he was called, was a staunch friend of Lorenzo Dow, a wandering preacher, noted for his eccentricities and popular eloquence.

Old Sim—his name was Simeon Mitchell—determined to have a funeral, a monument, and a sermon from Dow. He made arrangements, and then made believe he died. He was laid out in the old style—a handsome shroud and a mahogany coffin.

The meeting-house bell tolled as the procession solemnly marched to the burying-ground. The coffin was deposited by the side of the newly-erected tombstone, and Lorenzo Dow preached such a funeral sermon as had never been heard before. It was witty, pathetic, severe and complimentary.

Old Sim, in his coffin, was disected by an unsparring hand. His virtues were praised and his faults severely denounced. The "mourners" laughed and cried. Probably a more truthful sermon was never preached in that old burying-ground. When Dow had finished, Old Sim rose up, declared himself satisfied, and ordered all, preacher and "mourners," to return to his house.

It was a strange freak of an eccentric man and of a more eccentric preacher. It suited Dow, who was fond of creating a sensation. It must, however, be said in justice to the preacher's memory, that he generally so used his sensations that the people were benefited by them.

**John Dennis and Gen. Floyd.**

Early in the late civil war John Dennis, a tall negro, believing himself fired with patriotic zeal, and able to serve his country, besought his master, a Georgian, and obtained permission to accompany a regiment from that State which was soon placed under the command of Gen. Floyd. The history of that campaign is well known. On the retreat John became homesick and was allowed to depart. He had become well known to Gen. Floyd and all his command. On his departure he went to take leave of the General, when the following dialogue ensued:

Gen. Floyd—"Well John, are you going to leave us, eh?"

John—"Yes, Mars Floyd; 't pears like I could do more good at home now bein' heah; so I thought I'd go home and 'courage up our people to hold on."

Gen. F.—"That's right John. But are you going to tell them that you left us when running from the Yankees?"

John—"No, sir; no Mars Floyd, dat I ain't. You may 'pend on my not tellin' nothin' to 'moralize dem people."

Gen. F.—"But how will you get around telling them, John?"

John—"Easy enough, Mars Floyd. It won't do to 'moralize dem people. I'm goin' to tell em dis—dat when I left de army dey was in first-rate speres, and dat owin' to de situation of de country, and de way de land lay, we was advancin' back'ards, and de Yankees was a retreatin' on to us.—Harpers Monthly.

**Discovery of a Letter Written from Adam to Eve.**

In Josh Billings' "Cook-Book and Pictorial Receipts," the following interesting letter is found:

EPHESIA, December, Year two.

DEAR EVE: I have now been on the rampage one month, prospecting for our new home, and have seen ranches that will do pretty well, but none of them just the ticket. The old garden is a hard place to beat, but we have lost that, and turned out now, too root hog or die. We will fight it out now on this line, if it takes all summer. Eating that apple was a great blunder, but, my dear girl, let bygones be bygones; there is no hope for us yet. Just as soon as I strike a good claim I will come back to you. Watch over Cain closely; he is a brack. The weather is raw and cold; I feel that I am too thinly clad. No more now from your loving

ADAM.

P. S.—Has Cain cut another tooth yet?

Prof. Proctor says the world will last 50,000,000 years yet. The Hawkeye manias Yankee enough to bet with him that it won't last half as long.

## A Humane Judge.

Yesterday afternoon Louis Grabson was tried before Justice Cary on the charge of breaking into a house near the railroad track and taking various articles of household furniture.

"It appears that you took about everything in sight," said the court, sternly.

"Do not think me wholly depraved, your Honor," said the prisoner with tears starting in his eyes. "I left a fine red-hot stove, worth at least twenty-five dollars."

"Where are you from, my good man?" asked his Honor, kindly.

"Reno," replied the man, reluctantly. The court was buried in thought, and then, leaning over the desk, said:

"Sheriff, release the prisoner. A man from Reno, who would decline to take a red-hot stove when he had such a good show in not, in my opinion wholly bad."

Considering his associations, I think he deserves much credit."

"Let him go," shouted the spectators, throwing up their hats, and the man was taken out of the court on the shoulders of the crowd. Later in the day, when slightly inebriated, he acknowledged that he had only lived in Reno six months, and his popularity waned.—Carson City (Nev.) Appeal.

## A Scene in Church.

One Sunday, within the last 100 years, the service had commenced in a country church, a few miles from Penrith, when in walked a woman in a gray cloak, accompanied by two half grown trunks, with ears and mouth most fearfully aspe, and the trio took their seats, in all modesty, near the door. By-and-by the clergyman gave out his text—"Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?" The gray cloak was agitated. The text was energetically repeated, and the minister's eye seemed cast toward the party seated behind the door.

Our friend in gray stood up, and with the voice of a "shepherdess on a West moreland fell," replied to this question: "Please, sir, I'm Patty Jones, of Widdale, an' this is our Hob an' our Peggy, an' we's ga'en to Penrith to see our Nancy, an' we thowt we'd just come in an' see what ye were mackin', an' git a rust!"

## Ignorance Quoting Latin.

The Duke of Wellington, being asked by a young aspirant for Parliamentary honors as to the best method of getting the ear of the House, said, "Sit down when you are done, and don't quote Latin."

A friend of Gen. Jackson's, who used to accompany him while "stumping" Tennessee, had never heard of the Duke's advice.

On one occasion, just as the General was about concluding a speech at a bar-becue, the friend whispered: "Give them a little Latin, General; give them a little Latin." The suggestion caused the General to hesitate a moment, for he knew nothing of Latin. But recalling two phrases which he had heard or read, he shouted: "Fellow-citizens! Multum in parvo! E pluribus unum!" As he sat down, the welkin rung with the cheers of the delighted groundlings.

It is amusing to notice the fancy that ignorant persons who rattle around in some official position have for quoting Latin words. Of their meaning they know nothing, but then, as the negro said, when asked why he used a "big" word, "It sounds well."

Some years ago there was a Judge in one of the Western States who was fond of larding his judgments with Latin phrases. It mattered not what the phrase meant, all was grist that came to his mill, provided it was Latin. Once the Sheriff brought into court a fellow charged with stealing a log-chain. The Judge heard the evidence, and then announced the judgment of the court in the following style: